

# *The Brooklyn Jewish Center Review*

## **The Inauguration of the American Library of Nazi-Banned Books**

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**DECEMBER**

**1934**

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# The Brooklyn Jewish Center Review

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## The Inauguration of the American Library of Nazi-Banned Books

In its issue of April, 1934, this publication wrote editorially:

"The Brooklyn Jewish Center Review takes the initiative in a movement which is certain to be greeted with enthusiasm. It has undertaken to establish a library containing the books which were burned by the Nazis in Berlin in that memorable bonfire which inflamed the intellectual world with indignation. A similar library has been established in Paris, and another is being organized in London. . . .

"The purpose of such libraries of the banned is obvious. They are to preserve, in readily accessible collections, all books which the Nazis outlawed in Germany. They are to preserve these cultural contributions to the world, and at the same time remain monuments both to the men and women who created them and to the barbarity of those who, with medieval fanaticism, burned them.

"The books that were burned were to a large extent by Jewish authors. Partly for this reason it is fitting that a Jewish publication, sponsored by a Jewish institution of the standing of the Brooklyn Jewish Center, should initiate such an undertaking.

"The collection will, for the time being, be housed in the Brooklyn Jewish Center. As it grows larger other arrangements will be made."

As the *Review* had anticipated, the announcement of this plan was received with enthusiastic approval. An invitation by the Brooklyn Jewish Center to leaders of liberal thought to join an Advisory Board brought immediate responses. One of the first to endorse

the undertaking was Professor Albert Einstein, who, together with others whose thoughts had enlightened the modern world, had suffered at the hands of the Nazi government.

"This is indeed a superior method of bringing to public attention the injustice and the senselessness of German persecution," he wrote to the organizing committee of the library.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, when he was invited to participate in the establishment of the library, at once accepted and said to an official of the Center: "When I read of the plan it struck me at once as an extraordinary, dignified and powerful weapon in that fight for the spiritual freedom of mankind which it seems to be the special duty of the Jewish people to lead in this age." The burning of the books in Germany, Mr. Lewisohn added, was but the climax of a long-standing movement against certain authors in Germany.

Among the men who endorsed the library was an author whose works had not been burned, who was not a Jew, and whose books were being sold in Germany. Yet he agreed to serve on the board and wrote a letter of approval to the Center which he consented to make public. This author is Will Durant. He wrote:

"Presumably, the sale of my books will be stopped in Germany if I put my name on your list. Nevertheless I think the little sacrifice ought to be made. Put me down as one of your Advisory Board, and I shall count it a great honor. I admire and applaud your enterprise."

WITH this enthusiastic backing the Brooklyn Jewish Center began the work of establishing The American Library of Nazi-Banned Books. The words "Nazi-Banned Books" were chosen in preference to "Burned Books," used by the projected English library, because it was intended that the American library should house not only the books that were thrown into the literary auto-da-fe, but all those books which were banned by the Nazi government.

On Saturday evening, December 22, 1934, after months of efforts, the Brooklyn Jewish Center will celebrate the inauguration of the library with a dinner given in honor of Professor Einstein and Heinz Liepmann. Mr. Liepmann represents his colleagues whose written word was destroyed in Germany, for he is one of the "burned" authors, and he also represents the persecuted German Jews. Few persons have suffered cruelty as he has suffered. In another part of this issue will be found the story of what befell him in a German concentration camp. The honoring of Mr. Liepmann on this occasion by the Brooklyn Jewish Center may be a slight recompense for the tortures and hardships inflicted on him.

The American Library of Nazi-Banned Books is in its inaugural stage. There are thousands of books to be acquired, and most of them are published only abroad and are difficult to obtain. The collection of books which the Brooklyn Jewish Center has been able to assemble in the short space of time it has had at its disposal for the actual purchase of the books, is but a nucleus. Additions are being made daily, and it is our hope that within a short space of the time this library will take its place as one of the significant cultural enterprises in this country.

# IN A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP

By HEINZ LIEPMANN

**A**CCORDING to statements issued by the German Government to the Foreign Press, there are twenty thousand prisoners in the concentration camps of Germany, twelve thousand of them in Prussia. A short time ago the governor of Saxony, the lace manufacturer Mutschmann, issued an official declaration in which he reported that there are twice as many inmates in the concentration camps of the state of Saxony as in those of Prussia. Therefore, if one is to believe the Prussian Ministry figure of twelve thousand (and no one will assume that the National Socialists have artificially increased this number) there must have been in Saxony twenty-four thousand prisoners; and therefore the total for these two German States alone is thirty-six thousand.

Thus another official lie is exposed. According to careful estimates there are actually sixty thousand persons who are being slowly destroyed in German concentration camps. Approximately two sixths are Jews, three sixths are Communists, and one sixth Social Democrats.

Scarcely a sound reaches the outside from the concentration camps. Very few succeed in fleeing; not only because of the unceasingly sharp guard but principally because after one or two weeks the prisoners are completely broken, spiritually and physically. Their misery and agony continue long after the flight, even when they are safe in a friendly country.

I, too, needed ten weeks to free myself of the experiences of the concentration camp. During the first weeks in the free country, I suffered ceaselessly from the impression that although six hundred kilometers distant from my imprisoned comrades I must decay and die along with them. I did not sleep. I scarcely ate. After half an hour's slumber I awoke, screaming and wet with perspiration.

These screamings had their origin in this camp routine: In the morning—following the Horst Wessel song—bed-making. Then, coffee with dry bread, a roll-call and exercise. A favorite form of exercise with our guard was to force us to do continued knee-

bending. Minutes passed. Minute after minute. Very long minutes. Ten minutes.

Finally—the same thing happened every morning—some comrades broke down, groaning, frothing at the mouth. The Storm Army men now appeared and trod on their genital organs, on their noses and ears. The men got up.

Up and down.

**A**ND after a while they collapsed again and screamed. Their screams were long drawn out and hollow. There were men among them who had families, men who had been respected and prominent; a jurist; several Reichsbannermen. When two or three begin to scream it is contagious. "Kneebending!" shouted the guard above their screams. But we no longer heard him. We could only listen as though hypnotized to the screaming. We collapsed suddenly and screamed too. Twenty, thirty persons shrieked.

And thus we waited every morning for the screams. Our nerves twitched. We were feverish: isn't someone crying out already? On the third day of my presence there, a wheelbarrow of one of our weakest comrades toppled into the stream and he fell down on the ground. We were forced to labor at a dam; the starved, tortured persons had to trundle wheelbarrows full of stones, rocks and sand onto the dam. The Jews, most of them not so used to physical labor as many of the workers, were naturally forced to do the most difficult work. When one broke down it made great sport for the storm troopers. The prisoner who collapsed was an attorney. A sixty-five year old man who had had a large practice and whom his assessor had denounced to the police, although he had never been active politically and had only once given three marks to a collection for the red relief. Now the assessor conducted the legal practice while the attorney collapsed with his cart.

"Jump down!" cried our three heavily armed storm troop supervisors, and kicked the unconscious man into the water. Our group was composed of six men. We hesitated; should we, finally, at long last, jump at their throats?

The troopers must have sensed something, for they immediately turned to us. They were the Storm Troopers Lothar, Ottens, and Krafft. First they called over to my two comrades, Baumann and Salomon, commanding them to follow the lawyer. As they wavered they were thrown into the water.

Then they concentrated their interest upon me. "Heinie, search!" (I had come into the camp under that name, one the Nazis had hung on me as a political nickname.) A formidable kick was conducive to making me join my comrades.

It was this attorney's habit, whenever anyone asked something of him, to hide his trouble lined face behind his arm. If we, his companions, asked him for the time, or if the cook asked about his mess-bowl, his face would assume a drawn look and he would hold his arm before his head. After he had been in camp four weeks he was permitted to have visitors for the first time. Actually we were supposed to have visitors every eight days, but always there was the excuse that Storm Troopers had been shot at somewhere or Hitler oaks had been uprooted. By way of punishment we were forbidden to have visitors. When, after four weeks, visiting day arrived for the attorney, his wife came, an old woman. She looked at him, began to tremble, her face turned an ashen gray, she gasped, staggered, then pulled herself together with superhuman effort and smiled. She went up to him. The watchful troopers drew nearer suspiciously, lest she try to give him weapons. She offered him her hand. And his face became lined with anguish and he held his arm before his face.

**T**HIS concentration camp is called Wittmoor and is located near the Free and Hanseatic city of Hamburg. It is supposed to be one of the most humane camps. At first it was guarded by Storm Troopers from Hamburg. One day they were dismissed without rhyme or reason. The reason soon became known: the Storm Troopers had hesitated to continue to be flayers of humans. Storm Troopers from the meadow of Lueneburg, fanaticized,

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*Selections from the Authors Whose Books Were Burned  
By the Nazis and Preserved by the American Library of  
Nazi-Banned Books*

## BELIEFS and OPINIONS

By ALBERT EINSTEIN

ONE of the problems of pacifism is, that when pacifists come together, they usually have the feeling that they are consorting with the sheep while the wolves are outside. Thus they reach only their own kind who are already convinced, and do not advance very far. That is the weakness of the pacifist movement.

The real pacifists, those who are not up in the clouds, but who think and count realities, must give up idle words, and fearlessly try to accomplish something of definite value to their cause.

We all know that when a war comes, every man accepts the duty to commit a crime—the crime of killing—each man for his own country.

Now those who realize the immorality of war should do their utmost to disentangle themselves from this old idea of military duty—and so become liberated from slavery. And for this liberation I have two suggestions: The first has, during war times, been tried and practiced in the past, by those, who at great personal sacrifice, have refused to do war service. However, the sincere pacifists to-day who mean to accomplish something must take this stand in times of peace, and in those countries where military service is compulsory the effect will be great. On the other hand, in other countries where military service is not compulsory, these same pacifists should openly assert that in case of war, they themselves would not participate. I recommend the recruiting of people with this idea in all parts of the world. And to the timid ones who fear imprisonment by their governments I say: "You need not fear imprisonment, for if you get only two per cent of the population of the world to declare in times of peace, 'We are not going to

fight; we need other methods to settle international disputes,' this two per cent will be sufficient—for there are not jails enough in the world to hold them".

The second method which I suggest appears less illegal. I believe that international legislation should be advocated to the effect that those who declare themselves as war resisters should be allowed during peace times to take up different kinds of strenuous or even dangerous work, either for their own countries or for the international benefit of mankind. This would prove that they do not oppose war for their own private comfort, or because they are cowards, or because they do not want to serve their own country or humanity.

If, in order to prove this, we burden ourselves with these various strenuous and dangerous occupations, we shall have gone far toward achieving the pacification of the world. I am convinced that such legislation can be brought about.

I suggest to your organization\* that you discuss these proposals at your coming meetings and adopt them, and I am pretty sure that whosoever takes the initiative along these lines, will, sooner or later, bring about such international legislation.

I further suggest that war resisters should organize themselves internationally and collect funds to support those resisters in the different countries who to-day cannot make progress because of lack of financial backing.

I advise and advocate very warmly and strongly the creation of an International War Resisters' Fund to support the active war resisters of our day.

My final word to you is that those who are ambitious and sincerely dedicated to the cause of universal peace must have the courage to start, to in-

itiate, and to carry on so fearlessly that the whole world will be forced to consider what they are doing!

Hitler is no more representative of the Germany of this decade than are the smaller anti-Semitic disturbances. Hitler is living—or shall I say sitting?—on the empty stomach of Germany. As soon as economic conditions improve, Hitler will sink into oblivion. He dramatizes impossible extremes in an amateurish manner.

R EDUCED to a formula, one might say simply that an empty stomach is not a good political adviser. Unfortunately, the corollary also is true, namely, that better political insight has a hard time winning its way as long as there is little prospect of filling the stomach.

Personally, I feel that there is enough technical knowledge accumulated in the world to-day to make conditions such as we have in Germany unnecessary. It should be possible to produce enough of the necessities of life to satisfy everybody and at the same time give work to everybody. That, of course, means short hours and high wages, and not, as is so often advocated, longer hours and lower wages.

Mass psychology is a difficult thing to fathom. I fear historians never have taken the factor of mass psychology sufficiently into account in writing history. They look upon events in retrospect with the idea that they can define exactly the causes that led up to this or that outstanding event. In reality, behind these apparent causes there are indefinable factors of mass psychology about which we know little or nothing.

My own case is, alas, an illustration. Why popular fancy should seize upon

(Continued on next Page)

me, a scientist dealing in abstract things and happy if left alone, is one of those manifestations of mass psychology that are beyond me. I think it is terrible that this should be so and I suffer more than anybody can imagine.

\* \* \*

I dislike to apply a yardstick to such imponderables as genius. Shaw is undoubtedly one of the world's greatest figures, both as a writer and as a man. I once said of him that his plays remind me of Mozart.

There is not one superfluous word in Shaw's prose, just as there is not one superfluous note in Mozart's music. The one in the medium of language, the other in the medium of melody, expresses perfectly with almost super-human precision, the message of his art and soul.

\* \* \*

**I** BELIEVE in intuition and inspiration. . . . At times I feel certain I am right while not knowing the reason. When the eclipse of 1919 confirmed my intuition, I was not in the least surprised. In fact, I would have been astonished had it turned out otherwise. Imagination is more important than knowledge. For knowledge is limited, whereas imagination embraces the entire world, stimulating progress, giving birth to evolution. It is, strictly speaking, a real factor in scientific research.

\* \* \*

The basis of all scientific work is the conviction that the world is an ordered and comprehensive entity, which is a religious sentiment. My religious feeling is a humble amazement at the order revealed in the small patch of reality to which our feeble intelligence is equal.

\* \* \*

By furthering logical thought and a logical attitude, science can diminish the amount of superstition in the world. There is no doubt that all but the crudest scientific work is based on a firm belief—akin to religious feeling—in the rationality and comprehensibility of the world.

\* \* \*

Music and physical research work originate in different sources, but they are interrelated through their common aim, which is the desire to express the unknown. Their reactions are different, but their results are supplementary. As to artistic and scientific creation, I

hold with Schopenhauer that their strongest motive is the desire to leave behind the rawness and monotony of everyday life, so as to take refuge in a world crowded with the images of our own creation. This world may consist of musical notes as well as of mathematical rules. We try to compose a comprehensive picture of the world in which we are at home and which gives us a stability that cannot be found in our external life.

\* \* \*

Science exists for Science's sake, like Art for Art's sake, and does not go in for special pleading or for the demonstration of absurdities.

\* \* \*

A law cannot be definite for the one reason that the conceptions with which we formulate it develop and may prove insufficient in the future. There remains at the bottom of every thesis and of every proof some remainder of the dogma of infallibility.

\* \* \*

In every naturalist there must be a kind of religious feeling; for he cannot imagine that the connections into which he sees have been thought of by him for the first time. He rather has the feeling of a child, over whom a grown-up person rules.

\* \* \*

We can only see the universe by the impressions of our senses reflecting indirectly the things of reality.

\* \* \*

Among scientists in search of truth wars do not count.

\* \* \*

There is no universe beyond the universe for us. It is not part of our concept. Of course, you must not take the comparison with the globe literally. I am only speaking in symbols. Most mistakes in philosophy and logic occur because the human mind is apt to take the symbol for the reality.

\* \* \*

I see a pattern. But my imagination cannot picture the maker of that pattern. I see the clock. But I cannot envisage the clockmaker. The human mind is unable to conceive of the four dimensions. How can it conceive of a God, before whom a thousand years and a thousand dimensions are as one?

\* \* \*

Imagine a bedbug completely flattened out, living on the surface of a globe. This bedbug may be gifted with analy-

sis, he may study physics, he may even write a book. His universe will be two-dimensional. He may even intellectually or mathematically conceive of a third dimension, but he cannot visualize it. Man is in the same position as the unfortunate bedbug, except that he is three-dimensional. Man can imagine a fourth dimension mathematically, but he cannot see it, he cannot visualize it, he cannot represent it physically. It exists only mathematically for him. The mind cannot grasp it.

\* \* \*

**E**VERYONE sits in the prison of his own ideas; he must burst it open, and that in his youth, and so try to test his ideas on reality. But in a couple of centuries there comes another, perhaps, who refutes him. It is true that this will not happen to the artist in his uniqueness. It is all within the nature of research and it is not at all sad.

\* \* \*

Youth is always the same, endlessly the same.

\* \* \*

I do not believe individuals possess any unique gifts. I only believe that there exists on one hand talent and on the other hand developed qualifications.

\* \* \*

In Mme. Curie I can see no more than a brilliant exception. Even if there were more women scientists of like calibre they would serve as no argument against the fundamental weakness of the feminine organization.

\* \* \*

Before God we are relatively all equally wise—equally foolish.

\* \* \*

Working is thinking, hence it is not always easy to give an exact accounting of one's time. Usually I work about four to six hours a day. I am not a very diligent man.

\* \* \*

The intellectuals always have microscopes before their eyes.

\* \* \*

Never forget that the fruit of our labor does not constitute an end in itself. Economic production should make life possible, beautiful, and noble. We must not permit ourselves to be degraded into mere slaves of production.

# THE ARYAN MYTH

By FRANZ BOAS

**I**F THE struggle now devastating Europe were, as has been claimed, an unavoidable war of races, due to deep-seated "racial instincts," then we should despair of the future of mankind. Beyond this conflict would lie others without end, as the development of international intercourse brings into consciousness new types of racial differences.

It is true that the Russian world is moved to its depths by the Pan-Slavonic idea, that Germany has been carried far on a wave of admiration for the excellence of the great Teutonic race, and that England rests serene on the unshaken conviction of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon; and yet the emotional value of these ideas does not make clear their rational values. The term "racial instinct" expresses the idea that they are definite, unsurmountable antipathies based on differences of appearance, and that certain hereditary mental characteristics belong to each type of man.

In Europe, the occurrence of local types has led to the concept of distinct races, identified with certain national groups: the blond representing the Teuton; the heavy, darker type, the Slav; and the Mediterranean, the typical Spaniard or Italian.

On account of the peculiar position of the blond type, it has been preeminently identified with the so-called Aryan race. As is well known, most of the languages of Europe are derived from one ancient form of speech—the parental Aryan language. Slavic, Teutonic, and Romance languages are the most important divisions of this group in Europe, to which Greek, Celtic, Lithuanian, and Albanian also belong. Among European languages only Finnish and its relatives on the Baltic, Magyar, Turkish, and Basque, do not belong to this extended group. Aryan languages are spoken by people of the most diverse racial types; nevertheless, there are scientists who try to identify the blond north-European with the ancient pure Aryan and who claim for the race preeminent hereditary gifts, because the people who at present and in our concept are the leaders of the world speak Aryan languages.

*This article, first published in Everybody's Magazine in 1914, indicates that "Aryanism" was a cause in Germany long before Hitler gained power.*

Scientific proof of these contentions cannot be given. They are rather fancies of north-European dreamers, based on the complaisant love of the achievements of the blonds. No one has ever proved either that all the Aryans of the earliest times were blonds, or that people speaking other languages may not have been blond, too; and nobody would be able to show that the great achievements of mankind were due to blond thinkers. On the contrary, the men to whom we are indebted for the basic advances of civilization belong to the dark-complexioned human types of the Orient, Greece, and Italy, and not to our blond ancestors.

How deep and emotional a hold this idea has in the minds of some scientists appears when some investigators try to show us that Christ can not have been a Jew by descent but must have been an Aryan.

**T**HE idea of the great blond Aryan, the leader of mankind, is the result of self-admiration that emotional thinkers have tried to sustain by imaginative reasoning. It has no foundation in observed fact. This, however, does not decrease the emotional value of the fiction that has taken hold of minds wherever the Teutonic, German, or Anglo-Saxon type—however it may be called—prevails.

It is not the preeminence of the blond alone that appeals to the fancy in northwest European countries: all over Europe we find the idea of racial purity, and of the existence of certain features inherent in each race that makes it superior to all others. This notion prevails among ourselves with equal force, for we shake our heads gravely over the ominous influx of inferior races from eastern Europe. Inferior by heredity? No. Socially different? Yes; on account of the en-

vironment in which they have lived, and, therefore, different from ourselves and not easily subject to change, provided they are allowed to cluster together indefinitely. Equally strong is our fear of the mongrelization of the American people by inter-mixtures between the northwest European and other European types.

**I**N our imagination the local racial types of Europe have been identified with the modern nations, and thus the supposed hereditary characteristics of the races have been confused with national characteristics. In vain, sober scientific thought has remonstrated against this identification; the idea is too firmly rooted. Even if it is true that the blond type is found at present preeminently among Teutonic peoples, it is not confined to them alone. Among the Finns, Poles, French, north Italians, not to speak of the north-African Berbers, there are many individuals of this type. The heavy-set, dark east-European type is common to many of the Slavic peoples of eastern Europe, to the Germans of Austria and southern Germany, to the north Italians, and to the French of the Alps and of central France. The Mediterranean type is spread widely over Spain, Italy, Greece, and the coast of Asia Minor, without regard to national boundaries.

In western Europe types are distributed in strata that follow one another from north to south—in the north the blond in the center a dark, short-headed type, in the south the slightly built Mediterranean type.

*National boundaries in central Europe, on the other hand, run north and south, and so we find the northern French, Belgian, Hollander, German, and Russian to be about the same in type and descent; the central French, south German, Swiss, north Italian, Austrian, Servian, and central Russian to be all the same variety of man, and the southern French to be closely related to the types of the eastern and western Mediterranean area.*

At the present moment the relation of German and Slav is of principal

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interest. During the period of Teutonic migrations, in the first few centuries of our era, the Slavs settled in the whole region from which Teutonic tribes had moved away. They occupied the whole of what is now eastern Germany. In the Middle Ages, with the growth of the German Empire, a slow backward movement set in. Germans settled as colonists in Slavic territory and by degrees German speech prevailed over the Slavic. In Germany, survivals of the gradual process may be found in a few remote localities where Slavic speech still persists. As by contact with the more advanced Germans the cultural and economic conditions of the Slav improved, his resistance to Germanization became greater and greater—earliest among the Czechs and Poles, later in the other Slavic groups.

**W**ITH the increased economic and cultural strength of the Slav, the German lost his ability to impose his mode of life upon him and with it his power to assimilate the numerically stronger people in its own home. But by blood all these people, no matter what their speech, are the same.

In short, *there is no war of races in Europe*, for in every single nationality concerned in the present struggle the various elements of the European population are represented and arrayed against the same elements as grouped together in another nationality. The conflict has nothing whatever to do with racial descent. The racial antipathies are feelings that have grown up on another basis and have been given a fictitious racial interpretation.

It is clear that the term *race* is only a disguise of the idea of *nationality*, which has really very, very little to do with racial descent; and that the passions that have been let loose are those of national enmities, not of racial antipathies.

If there is no racial background to nationality, what is it? Is it language?

When we glance at the period of national aspirations that has characterized a large part of the nineteenth century, community of language might seem to be the background of national life. It touches the most sympathetic chords in our hearts. Italians worked for the overthrow of all the interests that were opposed to national unity of all the Italian-speaking peoples. German patriots strove for the federation of the German-speaking people in one empire. The struggles in the Balkans

are largely owing to a desire for national independence according to the limits of speech. The Poles are longing for a reestablishment of their state which is to embrace all those of Polish tongue.

Still, this does not comprise the whole of nationalism, for no less ardent is the patriotism of bilingual Belgium and of trilingual Switzerland. Even here in America we see that the bond of tongue is not the only one. Else we should feel that there is no reason for a division between Canada and the United States, and the political ties between western Canada and the French Quebec must be artificial. Neither would it be intelligible why modern Germany should never have pursued the policy of unifying all German-speaking peoples in Europe, why she should not covet the large German provinces of Austria and should witness the possible Russianization of the German towns in the Baltic provinces and the Magyarization of the Germans in Hungary.

Neither the bonds of blood nor those of language alone make a nation. It is rather the community of emotional life that rises from our every-day habits, from the forms of our thoughts, feelings, and actions, which provides the medium in which every individual can unfold freely his activities.

**L**ANGUAGE and nation are so often identified because we feel among a people that uses the same language every one can find the widest field for unrestricted activity. Added to this is the powerful idea of political unity, which emphasizes the interests of the citizen as opposed to those of the foreigners. These beliefs combine to create a sense of national unity.

Those who claim on a *priori* ground that there can not be any Austrian patriotism on account of the polyglot-tal mixture that is found in the empire, might do well to consider that during the past seventy years the Magyar and Slavic peoples have freed themselves more and more from German domination, and that a coordination of the various groups is slowly developing. Thus a new national life has sprung up; probably the only form of life that can lead to a free unfolding of human activity in this region that is split up like no other part of Europe.

The attitude of Italy in the present situation illustrates also that the linguistic bond is not the only source of na-

tional aspirations. Austria is reaping her reward for long-continued oppression, which has taken such strong hold of the Italian mind that the French encroachments in the west seem to have been forgotten.

**F**OR the full development of his faculties, the individual needs the widest possible field in which to live and act according to his modes of thought and inner feeling. Since, in most cases, the opportunity is given among a group that possesses unity of speech, we feel full sympathy with the intense desire to throw down the artificial barriers of small political units. This process has characterized the development of modern nations, and is now active in part of southeastern Europe.

When, however, these limits are over-stepped and a fictitious racial or alleged national unit is set up that has no existence in actual conditions, the free unfolding of powers, for which we are striving, is liable to become an excuse for ambitious lust for power. When France dreamt of a union of all Latin people in a Pan-Latin union under her leadership, the legitimate limits of natural development were lost sight of for the sake of national ambition. If Russia promotes a Pan-Slavistic propaganda among the diverse peoples, solely on the ground that the Slavs are linguistically related, and assumes a fictitious common racial origin, the nationalistic idea is made the cover for the desire of expansion of power.

Together with the positive, creative side of nationalism, there has developed everywhere another one, which forms the basis of the passions that are blinding the people of Europe to the high aims of humanity. Instead of seeing in each nation one of the members of mankind that contributes in its own way toward the advance of civilization, an aggressive intolerance of all other units has grown up. It is strengthened by the inadaptability of governmental machinery, which favors national isolation.

On a larger scale the conditions are repeated now that less than a century ago prevented the ready formation of modern nations. The narrow-minded local interests of cities and other small political units resisted unification or federation on account of the supposed conflicts between their interests and ideals and those of other units of com-

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# SARAH BERNHARDT

By MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

(The following is a condensed version of the second part of a chapter on Sarah Bernhardt taken from his book "Koppe":)

**N**O less "a finished performance" was her Lady of the Camellias. At the supper,—not her first, one easily noted,—in the bliss of love suddenly bursting forth, mirroring in a puddle the sunbeam from heaven; in the country, a coquette somewhat *a la Watteau*, striving after the charm of the shepherdess redolent of the meadows; when her gently critical glances, and cleverly adjusting hands, harmonize in glasses and vases the flowers she has herself plucked. No less nobly tactful is her attitude before Armand's father,—never the bearing and step of a lady nor the lisping chirp of a second maidenhood (which any high-priced supper-guest can attain). The woman, purified by the fire of pious devotion to one man, stood as high above the moral sermon as Mary Magdalene, on the birthday of Christianity, stands above the gossip of the street. Under Armand's lashing, welt-raising insults she writhes, groans aloud in hoarse savagery like a perishing animal, regains control of her voice and her hands for a last adjuration, then falls like the lamb under the stroke of the axe. Yet not in swift-releasing death. From the illness which has previously been hinted at with cleverest reticence, she passes uncomplaining, smiling, yet with full realization, to her death, while his misguided jealousy turns to supplication which she rewards not merely with forgiveness, but with her blessing. Whoso believes in the immortality of God's breath in man, in the salvation of sinful women, can dry his tears.

"They will love each other forever." It is said, in his heaven and in his own speech, by Mahadeva, whose arm of the fire drew the Bayadere out from the house of all too earthly love, and uplifted her above the rampart of the clouds.

Sarah's *Lady of the Camellias* was never a thing of beauty. Neither was *With Painful Checks* (which in those days were still the privilege, still the stigma, of the Bayadere, but now are the badge of presentability, to be dis-

played in ambassadors' houses, or at court). "Ghetto air," it was said: "It smells of Galicia." Diplomats' noses, which are always wrong. For Lemberg she was much too thin. Rather from the Joedenbree Street in Amsterdam. Every day the reporters tweaked and poked at her meagerness. Mademoiselle Bernhardt is studying the title-role in the new drama *The Skeleton*. She is utilizing her vacation to take an "Anti-fat treatment." An empty carriage drove up. Sarah alighted. "All that never fazes me" (*Cela ne me rate jamais*).

Not beautiful, but a charming riddle. Of alien race, and yet Parisian. Never *de classe*, never a lady, not even a bourgeois Madame. A "lost child," that out yonder where the last houses are, attracted the attention of the god who came down to mortal men and again ascended. . . .

**A**FTER the first performance of *La Dame aux Camellias*, Pere Dumas, he of the *Three Musketeers*, *Monte Cristo*—and "the Friends"—finally cried out in witty anger to his friends, who were absolutely determined to force him to the confession that the masterpiece was essentially his rather than the work of his as yet obscure son, "Why! I made the author!" With similar though not equal right Sarah—who, long after the young Dumas' friend Madame Desclee had created the role, conquered the stage of three worlds, even to the realms of the Maharajahs, despite the hellish-heavenly competition of Verdi's *Violetta*,—might have said of Madame Duse, "Since I am, she could be." To Duse the woman, she had paid her respects in the D'Annunzio affair. To her "colleague," her rival, as a visiting artist Sarah Bernhardt offered the theatre. . . .

Sarah could only use pieces that were understood, and felt, in Buenos Aires and Kiee, in Madrid and Chicago, in Moscow and Bombay. Her first choice was Racine (even Corneille seemed to her almost too harshly masculine); but she liked also Rostand and Mirabeau. It was she, if my memory does not fail me, who won a hearing for Musset's *Lorenzaccio*.

As directress she sought the best to stand beside her on the stage,—and not as stars stand about the sun. She engaged Constant Coquelin, Lucien Guiry, Max; she dispensed radiance, and had no desire to receive it as a loan; and she threw out lines toward the favorites Bartet and Sorel. Not every directress is so good a house-keeper. Not every "star" is aglow with the desire to shine in the midst of other brilliant constellations. The theatre whose strongest magnet, until a few years ago, was still Sarah, could have been more economical.

"But she never comes out right," twittered the sparrows on the roof.

**W**HAT she took in, as compared with what is now paid for the hot eyes, the slender body, the delightfully solid Thusnelda-like weight, is the twelve-fold Du Barryism of a crank-girl, a mere gingersnap to a Perigord truffle; but it was more than had ever been received for drama. All the same, even with bags of gold she would never have come out better. She gave gladly, and not to relatives only, and always she was in debt. And therefore even in old age, after she, in her eighth decade, had a leg amputated, she must still limp upon the stage. From the time (which only the oldest Parisians remember) when she ran away from Moliere's theatre, had the doors of the Comedie Francaise slammed and locked behind her, she had almost every evening, and at least twice besides at noon, played a leading part; and yet had not enough to assure a comfortable decline. The honest rank and file of tragedy, the operetta players, all who after a lucky debut in melodramas and farces reach the grade of K-actors in Berlin or Ke- in Prague, shake their sensible bourgeois heads. "Of course one has one's bank accounts (one for taxes and one for receipts), and even in the big role itself there is free time enough to ask by telephone and get the answer about the New York exchange report." In this respect Sarah was not up to the times, nor was she a gypsy,—the more lovable for that!

A singer who was called Diva even before Snob-do-it-all, had defied every Lia, Mia, Pia, Ria, Li, Lo, Lu, Muschi

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and Uschi (without charge?), told me of a call she made on Sarah grown old. A constant coming and going. From time to time the envoy of a great laundry was announced:—he must wait. It was hours before he was admitted. "Oh dear, about the bill? Twenty thousand francs, was it? But I just haven't it, you see. No, really." (*Je vous assure, que je ne les ai pas.*) The smile of levity grown grey was divine. The ambassador of the White Kingdom may kiss the traces of the manicurist. Exit ambassador, entranced, by middle door.

"All good advertising." The Berliner would add "Verstehsta?" Yes, I understand that Sarah still rode in a motorless airboat ("glider"), modeled busts, ordered ell-long gloves made for her, that she, a Dutch Jewess, wedded the woe of France, her adoptive fatherland, and that from her golden throat little jingoes were born, that she accepted the invitations of Indian princes for private performances, that in the Great War she was god-mother and nurse of many a poilu:—all that, and all the rest, just advertising!

It is almost fifty years ago that Zola defended Madame Bernhardt against the charge of a craze for publicity. "It is not she," he cried, "but you who make the publicity; you, the Public, who can never hear enough about a favorite singer, and you, the Press, who are not ashamed to state such a longing for tittle-tattle." That was written in the age of innocence before the telephone and noon-day newspapers were naturalized. That press, which tomorrow will drain eagerly to the dregs some little Sadie's morphine 'habit,' as it did yesterday the great Sarah's "craving for publicity," shrieked even into her grave: "Publicity!"—How the legend arose, let one example show.

In man's costume Madame Bernhardt, early and late, won far reechoing theatrical renown, and with no effort on her part. Every public loves to have a "different view, just once," of its favorites. So if the most womanish Donna Sol, Athalie or Phedre dons doublet and hose after Coppée's, Musset's, even Shakespeare's pattern, then it needs no Richet or Lebon to explain to us why it draws a larger audience than the soubrette who, in literary melodrama, sobs out her craving for children, or Romeo as Zwirn the tailor. But the victory was not so easy with Rostand's "l'Aiglon," a poem that plays pleasantly with one great

shade, and many amusing ghosts. A woman nearer sixty than fifty attempts the part of a boyish prince and officer. (Only the theatre, with its daily discipline of the body and all its combined powers, keeps up the fresh energy of its folk so long that such a venture is imaginable.) The youth's clear tones she still retains. In order to acquire the gait and carriage also, she decides to wear the military tunic and sword of the second Napoleon, not only at rehearsals, but at home as well; for weeks before the first performance. Most sensible, and an example to be commended to the youngest actresses, who on the stage are to carry a child—an action unfamiliar to them. Only

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round that she dined and received her guests in uniform, a swarm of reporters was presently fluttering about her, and in a little while the rumor of a fresh bid for publicity was afloat. That she lived so long and died in a dull theatrical month:—all for "publicity." And the burial-scene she herself surely had staged. The poor you always put in the wrong.

**A**S far as Canton, Melbourne, Johannesburg, Salatiga, pictures carried the tidings that all Paris, now again the capital of a continent, had risen up for this Farewell: at the departure of one whom Zola in his day had hailed as the gifted rebel of the stage, and who at last, because she must play so long, was accounted the representative of what was old-fashioned and belated.

She never was that. She never had the heavy rigidity of those women who climb from melodrama, farce, burlesque and operetta, up to the heights of human agony.

Sarah's was not the force of feeling that gushes up crudely from the heart of the common people, nor the power of undisciplined action . . . from master-spirits of other lands, from Ristori, Rossi, Booth, Salvini, Sarah Bernhardt had learned to see the characters of the "Classic" dramatists (with which she had not grown up, as every Frenchman and Frenchwoman does from childhood), to see them at first hand, unhampered by the tradition of the theatre, which cripples all imaginative power. From those masters, too, she had learned such perfect control over the instrument of her art (her own voice and body), that the most competent critic could hardly be sure at any time whether, during an evening which to him was an epochal event, she remained in her inmost soul calm and cool, or was set aglow through and through by her task.

Her power of delineation was as great as—this side of Shakespeare's world—it could become. She was for every school the model of perfect recitation: and she could give wings to her utterance, set it sturdily on solid earth, roll it up like a mighty ball, to cast it, high above the dead level of the commonplace, even to the crimsoned peaks of passion; and still, always, the Word, Logos, remained the god of this Jewess.

Old style? Since yesterday it stands newest of all: and its name is Science of Expression.

## King David

By HEINRICH HEINE

**D**ESPOTS, when their death is nigh,  
Can afford to smile and die;  
Though the tyrant cannot stay,  
Tyranny will last for aye.

Ah, the wretched common folk,  
Doomed like oxen to the yoke,  
And a broken neck for guerdon,  
If they kick against the burden!

David, on his dying bed,  
Spake with Solomon, and said,  
"Apropos, there's Joab, too.  
I must leave that task to you.

"Many years I have abhorred  
Joab and his conquering sword,  
Yet have never dared to touch  
Him I loathed and feared so much.

"You, my son, are good and wise,  
Strong, devout, and will devise  
Some expedient that will break  
And destroy him, for my sake."

a garment that he or she has worn thro' the whole day, with its various requirements, sets at evening as if it were "moulded on," and only the sword worn at table, at the fire-side, all but to bed, at the disguised woman's hip, seems, that eventful evening, a weapon, not an obstacle that brings mirth even into the gloomiest tragedy. Sarah's young eagle was, in bearing and gestures, exactly what he purported to be. But as the word had been passed a-

# Palestine – In Dollars and Cents

By DR. ISRAEL H. LEVINTHAL

**I**T may seem strange that I, a Rabbi, venture to discuss the Economic Development of Palestine. But I do not do so as an economist, nor will I discuss the intricate theories of economic problems as they apply to the Homeland. I want to report to you the features in Palestine that portray its economic growth and development, which even a non-economist, such as a Rabbi may be, can easily note.

To get a glimpse of the material growth of Eretz Israel in the last few years, accompany me on an imaginary visit to the Levant Fair, which took place this Spring in Tel-Aviv. The last Fair was held in the same city just two years ago, and yet this year's Fair so surpassed the previous one, in the size of the buildings, in the number of exhibits, in the number of governments participating, in the attendance, that you cannot even begin to compare the two. To obtain an idea of its growth, it is sufficient for me to tell you that this Year's Fair in Tel Aviv has already achieved the distinction of being the sixth among the world's greatest Fairs. Never shall I forget that dramatic scene which marked the official opening. The diplomatic staffs of almost every land were represented, important delegations from the Chambers of Commerce and Trade Organizations of many nations attended. Thousands of people, not only from Palestine, but from the entire Near East, came to see and study the exhibits which told the best story of the economic growth of that little land. Nations erected their own buildings in which they displayed the articles which Palestine imported from them. Poland, Czechoslovakia, England, France and Italy, each had beautiful buildings to represent them, buildings that would do credit even to a Fair held in Paris or in Chicago. Yet interesting and fascinating as all these exhibits were, they faded into insignificance compared to the one building that thrilled you most, the building known as that of the Tozeret Ha-Aretz, "products of Palestine." It was not only the most fascinating, but the largest building of all. Here were shown every type and form of products produced today in Palestine. Things which a few years ago

would have evoked only a mocking sneer if it had even been suggested that Palestine could produce them, were on display. Candies of every variety, soaps and cosmetics, textiles and furniture, electric fixtures and matches, bricks and polished stone, bath fixtures and tiles, men's and women's garments, leather goods, all types of food products, toothpastes, drugs, artificial teeth, powders, electric refrigerators and electric stoves, are but samples of the numerous articles that held you fascinated.

Going to the Levant Fair, you felt that you were not in a far eastern land where but a few decades ago everything resembled antiquity; you felt that you were in the very heart of western Europe or in America.

It is from such pictures that you can best read the story of the tremendous growth that marks the industry of Palestine.

**L**ET me take you on another imaginary trip to the Dead Sea. There you will see the massive and tremendous machinery worked by the Palestine Potash Company. More than 800 men are to-day employed in that undertaking, drawing out of the waters of the Dead Sea the precious minerals and chemicals that for thousands of years were buried there. Do you know that this has now become the greatest competitor to the largest and most important potash companies in Germany, which until recently held undivided sway in the potash markets of the world, and which have been developed for dozens of years with tremendous capital and government assistance? And yet, in these few years, Palestine has become their serious rival and competitor. In Germany, the potash must be mined at great cost and with much labor. Here, you just have to take it from the waters of the sea, which are just full of the mineral. Already the company is sharing remarkable financial results. Not only Jews are interested here; over 200 Arabs are also investors in this company, so that Jew, Arab and British wish to see this enterprise grow.

Visit with me, if you will, the Rutenberg Electric Plant, near Dagania,

only a few miles from Tiberius. Again, you will not believe your eyes. You will see machines such as Palestine—in her most feverish dreams—never dreamt of. You will see a remarkable engineering feat. You will set the waters of the Jordan—which seemed so weak and so powerless in their flow—harnessed and flowing with such a rush and power that they produce enough electricity to sustain the whole land. Electric consumption has risen from 1.8 million to 3 million kilowatt hours within the last twelve months.

**I** COULD go on and on to tell you of these remarkable developments. You have heard of the growth of the citrus industry. Five and a half million cases of citrus fruit were exported in the last year; the planted area of oranges and grapefruit has increased 16 fold since 1925. Already preparations are being made for a production of 20 million cases to be marketed in 1940. The Palestine orange does not fear competition. It compares most favorably with the Florida and California fruit and surpasses most of the oranges produced in southern Europe. The Palestine grapefruit is far superior even to the American product.

I have had the opportunity to study other industries as well. I visited the Elite Candy factory in Ramat Gan, near Tel Aviv. Two Riga Jews, who had the largest candy factory in Latvia, decided to open a factory in Palestine. They originally planned to invest \$75,000, but before they had completed the plant, they had put in \$150,000. They erected a modern building and imported the most modern machinery. When we were there the factory was working in two shifts—day and night—so great was the demand for its products, not only in Palestine, but in Syria, Egypt and in other neighboring lands.

We visited the Meshi silk factory erected by a New York leading silk merchant, Mr. Sachs, and here too, production was at a rapid pace. I can only cite you a few figures to give some impression of the development of industrial enterprises. In the first seven months of 1934, there were registered 115 new establishments, ranging

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from the manufacture of metal and metal goods, to wood, foodstuffs, beverages, chemicals, printing paper, office supplies, building materials, glass, mirrors, wearing apparel, textiles, leather and tanneries. You have heard of the building boom in all Palestine. According to the latest report of the Jewish Agency, 1661 Jewish buildings are now in process of construction, compared with 1295 buildings last February. The best test of this growth in industry and building is the fact that the Palestine Government enjoys today the large surplus of almost 20 million pounds, the only government in the world that can show a surplus!

The finest thing to note in this development is not only the growth in individual industry but also in the co-operatives, which assures the social health of the country's development. In 1926 there were in Palestine only 90 co-operatives with a membership of 11,000. To-day there are over 500, with a membership of 95,000. The best proof of the sound growth of Palestine is to be seen in the fact that the American Economic Corporation, through its Mortgage Company, its Loan Bank and its Co-operative Bank, has since 1922, granted credits amounting, in the aggregate, to \$14,200,000. And yet, practically all of this sum has been repaid, and the loss over the entire period has been only 3/10ths of 1%.

MORE and more Palestine is replacing goods which before had to be imported. Let these figures speak to you far more eloquently than can I: In 1921 there were 1800 industrial establishments; in 1930 the number had increased to 2475, and in 1933 to 33,387. There were 4,600 people employed in industry in 1921; 10,968 in 1930, and 19,510 in 1933. The capital investment in 1930 amounted to \$11,175,000, and in 1933 to 26,330,000.

I recall that when our practical Jews here in America—before 1929—used to discuss the economic possibilities of Palestine, they would laugh and say—"Of course, it has no future. You cannot make money there as we can here!" And they would point to the smallness of the land. "Where will you get an outlet for your goods? Are you going to build up industry only for those 100,000 Jews who live in Palestine? What little vision they had! They could not see what is so clear to-day

that Palestine is becoming more and more the gateway to the entire Near East. The Ottoman Bank in the last annual report says: "By its geographical situation, Palestine is becoming an important distributing center for the Near East; the new harbor of Haifa is considered by many to be the finest in the Eastern Mediterranean." Already products of Palestine have penetrated the markets not only of Egypt and Syria, but many of the southern and eastern European lands.

**T**HESE "practical" men failed to take into account the possibilities of new and steady immigration. In 1931 the Jewish population in Palestine counted 175,000. Today it approaches 300,000. In 1933, 40,000 Jewish immigrants entered. This year it appears that this figure will be larger. As long as this immigration continues, the economic development must continue. Remember, too, that with the increase of prosperity, the standard of living on the part of the Arab population also increases. They, too, will have need of the new products, and a new field is opened here.

But, again, we hear the pessimistic reminder: "There must come a break! This prosperity is too fast. It is only inflated, not real growth, that you see!" I do not hold myself an expert in this matter. But we have read just recently in "The New Palestine" a searching inquiry into this phase of the subject by a well-known student of economics, a member of the Faculty of Economics at Cambridge University, Joseph L. Cohen. And while he sees certain dangers, he makes it clear that all these dangers may be averted by a wise supervision and careful watching, both on the part of the Palestine Govtrnment and of the Jewish Agency. He, furthermore, points out the fact that tremendous new possibilities are facing Palestine. The opening of the pipe line from Mosul to Haifa, the development of the Haifa Aerodrome, the growth of the tourist industry, are a few of the richer possibilities that await the land. The tremendous surplus which the government has, means that the government will have to pursue a policy of tax reduction or increase its expenditure on public works. He goes on to prove that with all this in view the next few years will find Palestine passing through a boom which will make the present situation appear comparatively depressed.

You must remember too that in Palestine there is a foundation of a sound social philosophy. As Bernard Flexner, a good economist, recently said: "Probably nowhere else in the world are cultural and economic forces so soundly co-operating as they do in Palestine". In other lands banks first fail and bring misery, and then laws are passed to protect the depositor. In Palestine, no bank has failed, but now, just because deposits have increased so rapidly, the Government is tightening the Banking Law so as to give further protection to these depositors and to combat credit inflation.

There is an element even of the dramatic in the economic phase of Palestine. The "practical" Jews of America laughed at the so-called dreamers who spoke of Palestine possibilities. As in the Biblical story of Joseph, they said of these dreamers as the brothers of Joseph said of him: "Behold the dreamer cometh!" A Ruttenberg talked to us of the electric plans and he was laughed at. Novojinsky told of the Dead Sea possibilities and he, too, was ridiculed as one who has lost his mind. But like Joseph of old, these men, who were dreamers, proved how remarkably practical they were. To-day, Lords and Dukes of English society, as well as far-seeing Jews, are shareholders in their corporations. Those practical men who laughed, stayed away, and invested their money in such "practical" schemes that to-day they are paupers. These dreamers have given the possibility for men and women to enrich themselves and to enrich at the same time the whole Jewish people.

**I**f one wants to get rich quickly, Palestine is no place for him. Let him invest in the "get-rich-quick" schemes that still abound in the large cities of the world. But if one wants to earn what he has a moral right to earn, if one is a dreamer—an idealist as well as a practical man, above all, if one has not only money but ideas—ideas that may add to the economic growth of the land itself—then Palestine is a place to go, to invest and to work.

I heard a beautiful word from that brilliant young Jewish leader, whom many of us know and respect, Dr. Jehuda Kaufman. He quoted the wise Hillel Zlatapolsky—one of the many leaders in the Zionist cause—who said to him: "To win success, two things are necessary: "good sense, and mo-

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# DR. BERNHARDT'S HOBBIES

By HOWARD W. KRAMER

**S**OME day when you feel yourself slipping into the clutches of one or another of humanity's inescapable ailments, be it ague, nausea, growing pains, epilepsy, gout, or a mere loss of interest in life's humdrum activity, you may just happen to walk past a brownstone house at 402 Monroe Street and notice a small professional placard bearing the legend: Dr. A. A. Bernhardt. It may also occur to you at that moment to gather yourself together and drop in for a general overhauling.

You approach the door and finger the bell gingerly, half regretting that you didn't go on about your business and permit yourself to die in peace. But it's too late now. The door opens and you are shown into a bright waiting room, its walls hung with curious antique firearms, and a wicked looking pair of Oriental sabres engraved with mysterious strings of incomprehensible hieroglyphics. Here and there are specimens of Japanese art finished in shiny lacquer.

Above the mantel is suspended a greenish bronze cast of a man's head. The entire room is decorated with a subtle, artistic touch. The characteristic odor of a physician's waiting room is noticeably absent. Yet by its very absence you feel a stimulating sense of relief.

In a moment you are greeted by the doctor, a soft-spoken, reassuring young man of perhaps 35. He invites you into his office, and with professional acuteness, commences to inquire into the nature of your illness.

**B**UT you are strangely inattentive, your eye instantly attracted by a magnificently colored array of butterflies carefully mounted on white velvet within a neat glass case. Dr. Bernhardt is quick to detect the gleam of interest and with an enthusiastic smile offers to allow you the privilege of closer scrutiny. You respond gratefully as he removes the velvet tray from its resting place.

He takes up each specimen individually and revolves it slowly under a strong white light to permit a better view of its glittering beauty. All are of rare origin, he explains, gathered

**T**HIS unusually fine report of a doctor and his hobbies was published originally in the *Brooklyn Times Union*, in its issue of September 3, 1934. Dr. A. A. Bernhardt, the subject of the article, is a member of the Brooklyn Jewish Center and has attracted a good deal of attention through his collection of insects and his gardening. It is not so much that Dr. Bernhardt's hobbies are unique, but that he should have extended his interests so zealously beyond the field of his own profession. Dr. Bernhardt is frank enough to say of his colleagues:

"Without doubt many members of our distinguished profession sit in their offices most of the day, waiting hopefully for patients, overcome by inertia and considerably bored. Their interests in life are extremely limited to their practice and to their families. Outside of this restricted sphere the world doesn't exist for them. Although some manage to travel they just move through space without absorbing the influences of their new environment. They have eyes and see not. They have senses but do not use them."

Advocating hobbies for all of us, Dr. Bernhardt gives these apt words of advice:

"It is almost a fact that everyone has in him or her, hidden away in the subconscious mind, a latent desire to express himself or herself in some field of endeavor other than the one in which he or she is engaged. The desire should be carefully nurtured and properly directed along artistic or scientific channels, so that the fulfillment of the desire may serve as a source of great interest and pleasure to the individual."

with the aid of professional collectors, from all parts of the world.

From his conversation and his manner, however, you soon realize that his hobby interests him far more from the artistic standpoint than from the scientific. It is not of species and genre that he speaks, but rather of delicate colors, patterns and designs.

You gaze admiringly at their bizarre designs flecked with translucent blues, reds, violet, gold and rich imperial green, a fertile source of ideas for the modernistic artist seeking new inspiration. Here is a specimen of a moth from the distant shores of India, the largest type in the world, interesting more for its unique configuration than for its color.

Other striking individuals catch your attention. Here is a butterfly from Brazil whose outspread wings describe the head of an owl with large forbidding eyes. Here too is another species that has survived the onslaught of its natural enemies through a clever adaptation known as leaf mimicry. Resting the posterior tip of its folded wings against the branch of a tree, it presents the exact appearance of a dead leaf. So wonderful is its verisimilitude, even in respect to the veins of the leaf, that the camouflage defies detection.

**D**R. BERNHARDT, noticing with amusement that your interest is unabated, replaces the tray in its case and casually wanders off to an adjoining room, slyly certain that you will follow avidly at his heels. Here, as you stand momentarily paralyzed at the sight of a 15-foot boa constrictor's skin draped along the entire length of the opposite wall, the doctor turns to a large curio cabinet and withdraws another padded tray, this one neatly lined with a highly diversified collection of preserved beetles.

They range in size from tiny scarabs, no larger than a finger-nail, to gargantuan creatures whose weird, dragon-esque horns and fierce looking heads suggest miniature reproductions of great prehistoric monsters. Most brilliant are the Buprestidae which resemble jewels in their crystalline quality and their sparkling hues of pink, green, copper and blue.

Others seem only a moment ago to have emerged from pots of thick enamel. Here is a gleaming creature from Madagascar whose green thoracic region seems wrought of hammered metal, and another whose back resembles black velvet streaked with gilt. Upon the back of another is fashioned a grotesque design, bearing the appearance

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of a Benda mask. Here too is a small member of the weevil family, having the appearance of opal set in onyx.

You turn your attention now to the giant varieties, 40 to 50 times the size of the smaller scarabs and weevils. Held behind an arc light, one of them casts a shadow like that of a huge rhinoceros, another like a dinosaur, still another like that of a battle-primed stag with forked antlers. The beetles use their antlers in precisely the same manner as their fleet-footed prototypes. You look at another section of the varied collection and notice a brown velvety spider measuring almost six inches in diameter, a specimen of the far-famed South American tarantula which, Dr. Bernhardt explains, is not half as ferocious as legend would have you believe. Only when attacked do they make use of this deadly sting, he explains.

**T**HE physician carefully replaces the tray, while your gaze wanders about the room. Hanging from the wall is a South Sea Island war club, fashioned from the root and lower trunk of a sturdy sapling. The business end of this deadly mace is carved, with little alteration of its natural form, into an eagle-beaked gargoyle of gruesome proportions.

In one corner of the room is an artist's easel, a complete assortment of oil paints, and a variety of camel's hair brushes. On the wall is a freshly finished life-size mural depicting an ancient oriental, garbed in royal robes. Here and there are brilliantly colored Japanese figures cut from three-ply jig-saw wood and mounted on plaques. You have no difficulty in guessing the identity of the artist, for here is to be seen a blending of those same colors which are present in Dr. Bernhardt's collection of butterflies and beetles.

You commence to wonder aloud that a practising physician can find sufficient time to maintain such a diversity of hobbies.

"I've always believed," says Dr. Bernhardt, "that hobbies should play an important part in every person's life. Nowadays they're more important than ever. People would soon forget about the depression if they all had a consuming interest in some avocation or other."

"But I seem to forget," he apologizes; "you came in to see a doctor, not a museum curator. Let's go back into my office and attend to your ills."

He starts to lead the way.

"No," you protest; "if you don't mind, I'd really like to see the rest of your collection."

He consults his watch, smiles good-naturedly, and takes you over to another large glass cabinet in the far corner of the room. It is filled with shells, coral, petrified wood and curious stones of every description. In addition to the more common types of coral, there is also a rarer type known as brain coral, so called because its strange convolutions give it a remarkable resemblance to the human brain. Here, too, is a type known as fan coral, possessing the gossamer quality of delicate, handmade lace.

One shelf is devoted to a multitude of geological specimens in their unrefined state; jasper, petrified woods, raw asbestos, agates, malachite, tourmaline, opal, garnet, onyx. On another shelf a glittering array of polished semi-precious stones present further evidence of the doctor's appreciation of color.

Among them are finely cut crystal, amethysts, garnets, sapphires, moonstones, green volcanic glass, labradorite, jade, onyx, jet, lapis lazuli, and amber moss. Here also is tiger eye, so named because it closely approximates the golden brown irridescence of a tiger's eye; and here an unnamed manganese compound which looks for all the world like a tempting mixture of strawberries and cream.

## Brooklyn Jewish Center Review

"But come now," says Dr. Bernhardt, "and let me give you a glimpse of my garden. That's my real pride and joy."

**Y**OU gasp a little as he leads the way to a rear window, wondering whether there is any limit to this young physician's delight in nature. Suddenly you are standing there at the window, and this time your gasp is more audible. Directly beneath you, within the modest confines of an ordinary back yard, is a virtual fairyland. Tropical plants of the rarest varieties, ranging from Japanese double flowering cherries to every conceivable variety of cactus, are growing in robust profusion. In the far corner you catch a sudden glimpse of moving color.

"Those are my tame pheasants," says Dr. Bernhardt, as the patches of color emerge into full view. They stand motionless for a moment, vying with each other in a display of their magnificence. The metallic luster of their ruffled plumage gleams with blue, gold, red, green and white.

"A friend of mine sent them to me from Ohio," the doctor explains. "He said he knew I'd like them. One is a golden pheasant, and the other a Lady Amherst. But enough of this, now. We'd better go into my office and attend to your . . . ."

"Well, to tell the truth, Doctor," you interrupt sheepishly, "I'm really feeling much better than I was, and I don't think I'll need . . . ."

## PALESTINE—IN DOLLARS AND CENTS

(Continued from Page 12)

ney". But, he added: "You must have both at the same time! The trouble with me is, I have both—but not together. When I had money, I had no "Sechel." Now that I have "Sechel" I have no money." This definition of success applies to many of us. When we had money we had no "Sechel", and I am afraid that to-day, while we may not have as much money as we had, we still have no "Sechel."

Josephus, in his works, describes for us how before the Roman war, all of Galilee "was wholly under cultivation and seemed to be one great garden." But not only agriculture thrived, but also commerce and handicraft. Whole cities were famous for certain types of

work and production. Two hundred and forty articles of commerce are mentioned in the Talmud and Midrash in connection with Palestine (Herzfeld, Handelsgeschichte p.129-130). Trade routes within the country were numerous, and many important routes radiated towards neighboring states. Why, Jewish sailors were as numerous as Jewish donkey and camel drivers. Palestine was a land bubbling with economic activity. What was then can be far surpassed. Palestine has the possibilities of a great economic future. Its success will depend upon many factors, but upon no factor as much as the will, the wisdom, and the determination of the Jewish People!

# Two New Books by Hebrew Scholars

By DR. ISRAEL H. LEVINTHAL

"Pentateuch and Haftorahs", Vol. IV, Numbers; edited by Chief Rabbi Joseph H. Hertz; Oxford University Press.

**T**HE reviewer has already had the privilege to express his pleasure at the publication of this notable work, when the first three volumes of this series appeared. He is happy to be able to record the fact that this fourth volume, dealing with *Bamidbar*, the fourth volume of the Pentateuch, has been prepared with the same skill and scholarly effort that characterized the previous volumes. It is no exaggeration to say that this Bible represents the finest edition of the Holy Book that Jews have today. The print, the binding, the paper all make for a beautiful edition. But the value of the notes which are appended to almost every verse cannot be over estimated. What a fine thing it would be if every one of our worshippers used this edition to follow the Scriptural reading in the Synagogue every Saturday morning. We would then become conversant with the great hidden treasures that those Bible words contain, and would appreciate their value even for our day. The present volume contains several beautiful maps that are most helpful in understanding the journeys of the Israelites in the wilderness, and is enriched by special "Additional Notes", which interpret certain theological concepts found in this part of the Bible. It is to be hoped that this edition of the Pentateuch will find its place in the home of every thinking Jew in our community.

\* \* \*

"The Hasidic Anthology", by Rabbi Louis I. Newman, in collaboration with Samuel Spitz, Scribners, N. Y.

**H**ERE is a work which is unhesitatingly recommended to all lovers of Jewish literature and to all who are interested in Jewish life. For the first time, we have here in English a collection of the most beautiful tales and teachings of Hasidism, the movement that has played such an important role in Jewish life for the past two centuries. Ever since the sainted Professor Schechter wrote his memorable essay on Hasidim, a new interest was awakened in this strange, mystical group and in their beautiful, simple teachings.

Rabbi Newman has here collected the most notable of these teachings, arranged them under two hundred topics of ethical interest, and supplied the volume with a most detailed index.

The volume contains also a well-written and scholarly introduction, entitled: "The Hasidism: Their History, Literature and Doctrines". The book will bring joy to all who read it.

## IN A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP

(Continued from Page 4)

red-cheeked farm churls, came to replace them. "Marxists and Jews are cattle to us, cattle one must cut up," one of them explained to us.

The Storm Troopers were competently drilled. Under the guidance of officers of the Reichswehr and of subordinate officers, they learned how to throw hand grenades and everything else connected with the peacable game of war. When they were dismissed, the camp breathed more freely. Behind were left the beaten, the bloody, the confused, and the deranged.

At that time—after all the governors had long been chosen—Hitler, after much deliberation, named the former district leader of the NSDAP, Kaufmann, to be governor, that is, king, of Hamburg. Kaufmann had not only been punished previously for criminal deeds but he had also for some years been barred from the NSDAP of the Ruhr region for having swindled the party. In connection with this nomination, and because of the human wrecks which the Luenburg Storm Troopers had left behind in Wittmoor, a lively fight arose between Kaufmann and Boeckenhauer, the Hamburg S. A. leader, in the course of which Kaufmann had his ears boxed. As punishment Boeckenhauer was transferred to Silesia to be taught discipline by the Femic murderer, Heines. The elite Storm Troop of the Altona Storm Army, which supported Boeckenhauer, was disbanded.

And then there came to Wittmoor the Stahlhelm from Hamburg. That was the time during which the open mistreatment ceased. We breathed more freely; we saw sun and light again. But after ten days the Stahlhelm was dismissed. And once more the farm churls appeared. A few days later we heard that all the Stahlhelm of the Hamburg region had been forcibly disbanded.

Thus we spent our days: rising at five o'clock, standing naked beside our beds, singing the Horst Wessel song, making our beds, getting the coffee brew. Exercises. Swimming. Field sports. Dinner, at twelve o'clock, consisting always of only one plate of soup and a piece of dry bread. From half past twelve to one-thirty, recess. Roll-call at two o'clock. Drill. An address. From two to six working at the dam. Then dishwashing. Laundry. At seven, supper. At eight o'clock to bed.

And then came the night. There were thirty-six of us in one room. The room was brightly illuminated, locked and sealed. And before the great barred windows, sentries patrolled ceaselessly with loaded weapons.

Those nights! Twice I witnessed how persons were seized during the night. Their cries sounded for hours at a time. We could not sleep.

And what is the sense of the concentration camp? According to the representations of the German government, the erring compatriots are supposed to be educated there to appreciate joy in labor and a National Socialist view of life. By torture and murder, it seems, people are to be taught the philosophy of torture and murder. But in reality they are only being educated to a great and bitter hatred: not only those who are in the camp, but also millions in the country who know about the methods used in the camps.

Everyone who is released must testify that he was treated very well in the camp. This certification—which they neglected to place before me because I left without permission—I herewith attach: In Hitler Germany only one of my kidneys was destroyed.

# News of the Center

## FORUM NOTES

Due to the intervening holiday, no Forum lectures will be delivered on Monday evenings, December 24th and 31st. The Forum will be resumed on Monday evening, January 7th, at which time the speaker will be Hon. James W. Gerard, former United States Ambassador to Germany. On Monday evening, January 14th, we shall have with us the famous radio preacher, the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. The United States Senator Robert M. La Follette, leader of the liberal element in the Senate, will be the speaker on Monday evening, January 21st. On the 28th of the month, the lecture will be delivered by Johannes Steele, Foreign Editor of the New York Evening Post.

## DR. ROBERT GORDIS TO DISCUSS "THE JEWISH ATTITUDE TOWARD INTERMARRIAGE" ON WEDNESDAY

Dr. Robert Gordis, of Temple Beth

El of Rockaway Park, will deliver the third and concluding lecture of a series on "The Jewish Family in Tradition and Transition" next Wednesday evening, December 26th, at 8:30 o'clock sharp. Dr. Gordis will discuss "The Jewish Attitude Toward Intermarriage".

Admission to this lecture will be free to all members of the Center and twenty-five cents to all others.

## DR. ALBERT BRANDT TO DELIVER COURSE OF LECTURES ON PHILOSOPHY ON WEDNESDAY EVENINGS IN JANUARY

Dr. Albert Brandt, formerly head of the German Pacifist Movement, will deliver a course of lectures on Wednesday evenings in January. The following are the titles for his lectures and the dates on which they will be delivered: January 2nd—"The Problems of Philosophy are Eternal"; January 9th—"Why Philosophy If We

Have Science?"; January 16th—"Why Philosophy If We Have Religion?"; January 23rd—"Romantic Jewish Philosophers"; January 30th—"Should Youth Have a Philosophy of Life?".

Dr. Brandt has recently come from Germany and is now Professor of Philosophy at the Dana College where he is also teaching Social Science and Social Problems. Politically independent, he was delegated confidential missions and secretaryships in Germany during and after the revolution. He is regarded as a keen observer of German politics and is considered an authority on conditions prevailing in that country. He has also contributed articles to a number of periodicals and newspapers on problems concerning the German situation.

Admission to this series will be free to members of the Center. To all others there will be a nominal charge of twenty-five cents for each lecture.

## *Volume to contain notable series preached in Center on "Judaism—An Analysis and an Interpretation"*

THE publishing house of Funk and Wagnalls Co., has announced a new book by our Rabbi, Dr. Israel H. Levinthal, entitled "Judaism—An Analysis and an Interpretation", which

Which?" a collection of Dr. Levinthal's sermons which has been most favorably received by outstanding reviewers and leaders in all walks of life.

In the opinion of scholars who have read the manuscript, Dr. Levinthal's book is a distinct contribution to Jewish Literature. It endeavors to do that which the title implies, to give an analysis of, and to interpret the fundamental concepts of Judaism. The subjects of the various chapters were originally presented in lecture form from the pulpit of our Center Synagogue during the seasons of 1932 and 1933. They attracted record breaking attendances, and many who heard them urged Rabbi Levinthal to publish them in book form.

Mr. Joseph M. Schwartz, the President of the Brooklyn Jewish Center, in expressing his gratification at the publication of the book, appointed a special Publication Committee to sponsor the sale and the distribution of the volume to all the Center members and to the Jewish community at large. The price of the book is \$2.50, and advance subscriptions are already being accepted by the Center Publication Committee.



Dr. Israel H. Levinthal

will appear the early part of January.

This is the second volume by Rabbi Levinthal to be published by Funk and Wagnalls Co. Several years ago they published his "Steering or Drifting—

## SUBJECTS TREATED BY DR. LEVINTHAL IN HIS NEW BOOK, "JUDAISM—AN ANALYSIS AND AN INTERPRETATION"

as defined by the chapter headings

1. Judaism—A Definition.
2. The Uniqueness and Distinctiveness of Judaism.
3. The God-Idea in Judaism.
4. The Growth and Development of the God-Idea in Judaism.
5. Is Judaism in Conflict with Science?
6. The Place of Ethics in Judaism.
7. The Place of Ritual and Ceremony in Judaism.
8. What Should Be the Attitude of the Modern Jew Toward Ritual and Ceremony in Judaism?
9. & 10. The Doctrines of Heaven and Hell in Judaism.
11. The Messiah Idea in Judaism
12. & 13. Judaism's Attitude Toward Labor and the Laborer.
14. The Place of Palestine in Judaism.
15. Judaism—What of the Future?

**COMING FORUM LECTURES**

January 7th — Hon. James W. Gerard—*Former United States Ambassador to Germany.*

January 14—Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman — *Famous Radio Preacher*

January 21—United States Senator Robert M. La Follette—*Leader of the Liberal Progressive Wing of the Senate*

January 28th—Johannes Steele—*Foreign Editor of the New York Evening Post*

February 4th—Dr. Israel Efros *Professor of Philosophy at Buffalo University and a Leading Hebrew Poet.*

**SENATOR LA FOLLETTE TO ADDRESS CENTER FORUM ON JANUARY 21st**

The Forum Committee is pleased to announce that United States Senator Robert M. La Follette has consented to lecture at our Forum on Monday evening, January 21st.

Senator La Follette is one of the leading members in the United States Senate and is regarded as the leader of the liberal element of that body. He is a forceful and brilliant speaker, and we look forward to a most interesting address.

**SUNDAY AFTERNOON GROUP FOR CHILDREN**

Without any bugle announcing its inception but rather on the contrary, in a very quiet manner, the Sunday Arts and Crafts Group for children of the Center members started on a number of its projects.

Dr. A. A. Bernhardt, a few instructors and a group of some twenty children meet the second and fourth Sundays of each month. The children have all conquered the use of the jig saw and have cut out various interesting designs. At the last session the group received instructions in the use of the paint brush and before one could realize it, they were using their initiative in the selection of colors for their wood cuts.

The parents are invited to come in to see some of the plaster casts, linoleum cuts or other projects being carried out by the youngsters.

The Sunday Afternoon Outing Group has been taking advantage of the outstanding events which happen to be scheduled for the first and third Sundays of each month. They have witnessed a Championship Soccer Game, attended the opening ceremonies of the Central Park Zoo and this past Sunday saw two interesting hockey games at Madison Square Garden.

**SISTERHOOD MEETING NEXT WEDNESDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 26th**

A very important meeting of the Sisterhood will be held next Wednesday evening, December 26th, at 8:30 o'clock. A guest speaker will discuss "German Children Seeking Homes", and the cultural program and Jewish current events will be given by the Cultural Chairman, Mrs. Israel H. Levinthal.

A social hour will be held and refreshments will be served. All women of the Center are cordially invited to attend.

**JUNIOR BOYS CLUB**

The approach of the Winter holidays finds the members of this group figuratively girding their loins in preparation for their activities for the second half of the year. The reason for this is a membership campaign and more intense program work. We have just come through an interesting month's activities which included two Chanukah meetings at which the Traditional Chanukah Menorah candles were lit and Chanukah songs sung. In addition there was a discussion of the Jewish Literature connected with the holiday. In passing, it can be said that our stature as social giants has not been reduced either.

**"THE PEPS"**

The "Peps" of the Brooklyn Jewish Center are taking this cold world of ours very seriously. One of the most interesting meetings of the year was a discussion on "How America is Influencing Us As Jews". This discussion had bearing on the Chanukah holiday, particularly the influence of Hellenic Culture on the Jews. The spirit of the "Peps" after the discussion points to a better Jewry for the generation which is growing up now.

Jewish and Palestine music is another topic in which the girls are beginning to interest themselves. Not only the types and the origin of the music will be discussed but the music will be played and sung.

Several members of the Girls and

Boys Club have given a special performance of "The Unlighted Menorah" for the Parent-Teachers Association. This play, together with "The Twelve Pound Book" by James Barrie will be part of a Social for introducing new members. Those who are eligible for membership (ages 13 to 16 years) are asked to watch for this date!

**MEN'S CLUB**

The Men's Club probably needs no introduction. About a year ago out of the nowhere it appeared and everybody seemed to welcome it most wholeheartedly, as a much sought for diversion. The organization, by its Constitution, By-Laws and everything connected with it, purposes that a group of men gather to relax, and relax they do.

Our Slogan, "A Million Dollars Worth of Fun for 50c a Meeting or \$2.50 for all the Meetings, Until the Good Old Summer Time Rolls Round" contains a summation of the whole idea.

Of course, the real purpose of the organization is to "Make the Center the Center of Your Activity".

**HOLIDAY SCHEDULE IN GYMNASIUM AND BATHS ON DECEMBER 25th AND JANUARY 1st**

The regular holiday schedule will prevail in the Gymnasium and Baths on Tuesday, December 25th and January 1st. That department will be open to men from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. and for boys from 2 to 4 P. M.

**PERSONAL**

Best wishes for a rapid and complete recovery are extended to Mr. Harry Liberman, of 699 Montgomery Street, who is recuperating from a recent operation.

**BAR MITZVAH**

Heartiest congratulations and best wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Gluckson upon the Bar Mitzvah of their son, Simeon, which will be held at the Center on Saturday morning, December 22, 1934.

**CONGRATULATIONS**

Congratulations and best wishes are extended to Mr. Jacob Korn upon the marriage of his son, Harry, to Miss Rosalind Feldman on Dec. 8, 1934.

Hearty congratulations and best wishes are extended to Mr. Samuel Krohn upon his engagement to Miss Ruth Friedman on Dec. 16, 1934.

## LIST OF MEMBERS PLACED IN NOMINATION AS OFFICERS, MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND GOVERNING BOARD OF THE BROOKLYN JEWISH CENTER

We, the undersigned, the duly constituted Nominating Committee, do hereby make the following nominations for officers, trustees and members of the Board of Governors to be voted for at the next annual Election to be held on Thursday evening, January 17, 1935.

### OFFICERS

(For the ensuing year 1935)

<i>For President</i>	-----	Joseph M. Schwartz
<i>For First Vice President</i>	-----	Henry Seinfel
<i>For Second Vice President</i>	-----	Hyman Aaron
<i>For Secretary</i>	-----	Max Herzfeld
<i>For Treasurer</i>	-----	Benjamin J. Kline

### MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

(For a term of three years, 1935, 1936 and 1937)

Morris Dlugasch	Benjamin J. Kline	Henry Seinfel
Pincus Glickman	Joseph M. Schwartz	David Shapiro

### MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNING BOARD

David Aaron	Louis Halperin
Joseph I. Aaron	Harry A. Harrison
Louis Albert	Max Herzfeld
R. Albert	Henry Holtzmann
Nathan Arvins	Joseph Horowitz
Milton D. Balsam	Mrs. Joseph Horowitz
Louis W. Bernard	George Jablow
Maurice Bernhardt	Joseph Jacobs
Alex Bernstein	Louis N. Jaffe
Elias Bernstein	Arthur Joseph
David Bilgore	David B. Kaminsky
Mrs. J. D. Booth	Abraham Kaplan
Hyman L. Brinson	Samuel Katz
Louis Brenner	Samuel Koff
Phillip Brenner	S. H. Kugel
Mrs. Phillip Brenner	Frank Levey
Meyer Chizner	Isaac Levingson
Henry Davis	Mrs. I. Levingson
Philip F. Feinberg	Cyrus Levinthal
Charles Fine	Aaron Lewis
Mrs. Isidor Fine	Harry Liberman
Jesse J. Fine	H. J. Lipman
Prof. Maurice Finkelstein	Max Lovett
Jacob A. Fortunoff	Leib Lurie
Harry A. Freedman	Meyer Nemerov
Barnett Gabriel	K. I. Ostow
Jacob Goell	Louis Parnes
Mark J. Goell	Dr. A. Posner
Milton Goell	Hyman Rachmil
Victor Gleichenhaus	Mrs. H. Rachmil
S. H. Goldberg	I. Jerome Riker
David Goodstein	Meyer A. Rosen
Abraham Ginsburg	Morris Rosenfeld
Aaron Gottlieb	Ira L. Rosenson
Philip Gottfried	M. M. Rutchik
Hon. Emanuel Greenberg	Jacob Rutstein
Louis J. Gribetz	Nathan Salwen
Henry H. Gross	M. M. Schachne
Max H. Haft	Frank Schaeffer

Mrs. J. M. Schwartz  
 Nathan T. Schwartz  
 Mrs. N. T. Schwartz  
 Solomon Schwartz  
 I. Siegmeister  
 Louis Simon  
 William I. Siegel  
 Morris Smerling  
 Dr. Moses Spatt  
 Samuel Stark  
 Hon. Irwin Steingut  
 Samuel Strausberg  
 Sol Sussman  
 Samuel A. Telsey  
 Herman Triebitz  
 Harris Weingold  
 A. A. Weinstein  
 Mrs. A. A. Weinstein  
 Louis Weinstock  
 Morris D. Wender  
 Mrs. I. Wiener  
 Albert Witty  
 Mrs. A. Witty

### The NOMINATING COMMITTEE

David B. Kaminsky, <i>Chairman</i>
Elias Bernstein
Henry Davis
Abraham Ginzburg
Nathan Halperin
Jacob L. Holtzman
Joseph Jacobs
David B. Kaminsky
Samuel Rottenberg

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CENTER JANUARY 17th

Notice is hereby given to all members of the Center that the Annual Meeting of the Center will be held on Thursday evening, January 17th, at 8:30 o'clock.

Election and installation of officers, trustees and members of the Governing Board will take place on that evening.

### THE SABBATH

Kindling of Candles at 4:15 o'clock.  
 Friday Evening Services at 4:15 o'clock.

Sabbath Morning Services (Parsha Vayechi) will commence at 8:45 o'clock. Rabbi Levinthal will preach on the Weekly Portion of the Law.

Junior Congregation Services in the Beth Hamedrash at 9:30 A. M.

Class in Ein Yaakov, under the leadership of Mr. Benjamin Hirsh, at 3:15 P. M.

### DAILY SERVICES

Morning Services at 7:00 and 7:30 o'clock.  
 Mincha Services at 4:15 P. M.

**RABBI LEVINTHAL TO CONCLUDE PALESTINE SERIES THIS FRIDAY EVE**

This Friday night, December 21st, at our late services which begin promptly at 8:30 o'clock, Rabbi Levinthal will give the eighth and the concluding lecture of the series he has been giving the last two months on "Palestine As I Saw It", and will speak on the specific subject: "Clouds As Well As Sunshine in Palestine—What of the Future?"

In this lecture the Rabbi will portray some of the dark sides that unfortunately reveal themselves in the New Palestine in the attempts that are being made to keep the growth of modern Palestine along healthy lines.

Rev. Samuel Kantor will lead the Congregational Singing.

You and your friends are cordially invited to attend.

**ANNUAL STUDENTS' SERVICE TO BE HELD FRIDAY NIGHT, DEC. 28th**

The annual Students' Service which our Rabbi arranges in honor of our boys and girls who attend the colleges and universities, and who will be home

next week for their winter vacation, will be held in our Center Synagogue a week from this Friday night, December 28th, at 8:30 o'clock. Rabbi Maurice Pekarsky, the director of the Hillel Foundation at Cornell University, will be the guest speaker.

We hope that parents will write to their children at college asking them to reserve that night for the Center. Parents of these students and all of our members who are interested in the problems of our college students are invited to attend.

**CENTER CLUBS**

Junior Boys Club—consisting of boys between the ages of 13 and 17. Meetings every Saturday night at 8:00 o'clock.

Junior Girls Club "The Peps"—consisting of girls between the ages of 13 and 16 years. Meets every Saturday at 8:00 o'clock.

Boy Scout Troop—meets every Tuesday night at 8:00 o'clock.

Girl Scout Troop—open to girls 10 to 17 years. Meetings every Wednesday night at 7:45 o'clock.

**NEW MEMBERS**

**The following have applied for membership in the Brooklyn Jewish Center:**  
Barst, Haskell R.

Unmarried Attorney  
Res.—1330 Eastern Parkway  
Bus.—2 Rector Street, N. Y.  
*Prop. by* Abraham and Jack Rosenfeld.

Elkind, Miss Ruth  
Teacher  
Res.—1305—46th Street  
Bus.—30 Third Avenue

Goldstein, Simon  
Married Teacher  
Res.—676 Greene Avenue  
Bus.—351 W. 18th St., N. Y.  
*Prop. by* William I. Siegel

Gondelman, Sidney  
Married Lawyer  
Res.—51 Maple Street  
Bus.—26 Court Street  
*Prop. by* Hon. Emanuel Greenberg

Levy, Miss Bertha  
Foreign Correspondent  
Res.—914 Eastern Parkway  
Bus.—251 Front Street, N. Y.  
*Prop. by* Mrs. Greenfield

Lewis, Dr. Percy  
Married Dentist  
Res.—1365 Carroll Street  
Bus. 1439 Myrtle Avenue  
*Prop. by* Sam Marcus

Levine, Philip

Res.—905—72nd Street  
Bus. 16 Court Street  
*Prop. by* Robert Krauss

Tendler, Samuel  
Married  
Res.—438 Pulaski Street

Walkof, Harry  
Married Chief Clerk Municipal Ct.  
Res.—788 Eastern Parkway  
Bus.—495 Gates Avenue  
*Prop. by* Mrs. H. Gellis

**The following have applied for reinstatement as members of the Center:**

Lewis, J. Lawrence  
Unmarried Real Estate Operators

Res.—429 Foster Avenue  
Bus.—1262 Westchester Ave., N. Y.  
Sale, Max

Married Lawyer  
Res.—175 New York Avenue  
Bus.—521 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.  
*Prop. by* Joseph Jacobs and Hon. Emanuel Greenberg.

Kirschman, M. J.  
Married Member, N.Y. Cotton Ex.  
Res.—364 Crown Street  
Bus.—60 Beaver Street, N. Y.  
*Prop. by* Samuel Greenblatt

**EMANUEL GREENBERG, Chairman  
Membership Committee**

**CENTER BASKETBALL FIVE WINS CUP**

Staging a rally in the last 40 seconds of play, our Center five defeated the Bronx YMHA, after 3 thrilling periods of overtime play for its 4th straight triumph of the season, score 40 to 38, thereby giving us a firm hold on the beautiful Maccabean league trophy donated by Major Benjamin H. Namm.

Albert Witty, chairman of the basketball committee has arranged basketball games at the Center with the following institutions:

Union Temple  
Borough Park YMHA  
Bronx YMHA  
92nd Street YMHA  
Newark Men's Club  
8th Avenue Temple

**EXPRESSION OF CONDOLENCE**

Our sincere expressions of condolence are extended to Mr. Louis C. Tunick upon the death of his beloved father, Charles Tunick, on December 11, 1934.

**BON VOYAGE**

Best wishes for a Bon Voyage are extended to Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Bernstein who left for a cruise to California.

A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ENTERTAINMENT

**1935**

GREET IT RIGHT! MEET ALL YOUR  
OLD FRIENDS! MAKE WORTH-  
WHILE NEW FRIENDS!

\$10. A COUPLE

DINING! DANCING! ENTERTAINMENT!  
ORCHESTRA!  
MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!

## THE ARYAN MYTH

(Continued from Page 8)

parable size. The governmental organization strengthened the tendency to isolation, and the unavoidable, ever-present desire of self-preservation of the existing order stood in the way of amalgamation. It was only after long years of agitation and of bloody struggle that the larger idea prevailed.

The task before us at the present time is a repetition of the process of nationalization on a larger scale.

The federation of nations is the next necessary step in the evolution of mankind.

It is the expansion of the fundamental idea underlying the organization of the United States, of Switzerland, and of Germany. The weakness of the modern peace movement lies in this, that it is not sufficiently clear and radical in its demand, for its logical aim can not be an arbitration of disagreements. It must be the recognition of common aims of at least all the nations of European descent. The time is obviously not ripe for demanding an expansion of this idea over the productive members of the non-European races of mankind.

Such federation is not a utopian idea, any more than nationalism was a century ago. In fact the whole development of mankind shows that this condition is destined to come. In the earliest period of social development, when human beings lived in small, scattered groups, the unit in which community of interest was recognized was the small horde, and every outsider was considered as specifically distinct and as an enemy who must be killed for the sake of self-preservation.

### EINSTEIN-LIEPMANN DINNER DEC. 22

As we go to press, plans are being completed for the Dinner marking the inauguration of the American Library of Nazi-Banned Books, sponsored by the Center, to be held this Saturday evening, December 22nd.

The dinner will be in honor of Prof. Albert Einstein and Mr. Heinz Liepmann, whose works were included in the banned books. The speakers, in addition to the guest of honor will include: Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Dr. Will Durant, Hon. Raymond V. Ingersoll, Rev. Dr. Israel H. Levinthal, Dr. S. Margoshes, Mr. Joseph M. Schwartz, and Dr. Stephen S. Wise.

By slow degrees the hordes multiplied and formed themselves into larger units. The distinction between the members of the tribe and the foreigner was no longer considered as a specific one, although the idea continued to prevail that it was of foremost interest to protect the fellow tribesman against the foreigner.

Progress has been slow, but almost steady, in the direction of expanding the political units from hordes to tribes, from tribes to small states, confederations, and nations. The concept of the foreigner as a specifically distinct being has been so modified that we are beginning to see in him a member of mankind.

It is obvious that the standards of ethical conduct must be quite distinct as between those who have grasped this ideal and those who still believe in the preservation of isolated nationality in opposition to all others. In order to form a fair judgment of the motives of action of the leaders of European nations at the present time we should bear in mind that in all countries the standards of national ethics, as cultivated by means of national education, are opposed to this wider view. Devotion to the nation is taught as the paramount duty, and it is instilled into the minds of the young in such a form that with it grows up a feeling of hostility against all other nations.

Conditions in Europe are intelligible only when we remember that by education patriotism is surrounded by a halo of sanctity, and that national self-preservation is considered the first

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Mr. Louis J. Gribetz, chairman of the committee on the Library will be the toastmaster. The list of distinguished guests will include: Hon. Fiorello H. La Guardia, Hon. James W. Gerard, Justice Mitchell May, Dr. Edwin Markham, etc.

An appropriate musical program has been arranged. The dinner will begin promptly at 6:30 o'clock.

### Congratulations

Congratulations and best wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Lurie upon the arrival of a son on December 15, 1934.

duty. It is at least intelligible why a government that sees the very existence of the nation endangered should, in a conflict of duties, reluctantly decide to set the safety of the nation for which it is responsible higher than the performance of a treaty inherited from a previous generation.

We must acknowledge that in such a case the demands of national and international duty are hopelessly at variance.

Since our own political interest in the war in Europe is weak, we stand naturally nearer to the standpoint of international morals and are inclined to misinterpret the motives that sway the nations at war. We should not deceive ourselves. It is only the lack of immediate interest that determines our attitude. We are no less eager than the nations of Europe to instill the idea of the preponderance of national interest over human interest into the minds of the young. We, too, teach rather the lessons of aggressive nationalism than those of national idealism, expansion rather than inner development, the admiration of warlike, heroic deeds rather than the object for which they were performed. Given a national conflict, the same unreasoning passions will sway our 'people' that are carrying Europe to the brink of ruin.

Those who look forward to the federation of nations must work together to teach their ideals to the young, to teach that no nation has the right to impose its ideals upon another one, that no war is justifiable except for the defense of the threatened integrity of our ideals.

### RESTAURANT OPEN EVERY SUNDAY

The Center Restaurant is open every Sunday for regular meals as well as a la carte.

This Department will also be open on Tuesday, December 25th, from 12 noon to 9 P. M.

### CENTER ACADEMY NEWS

A Symposium on "Health" has been arranged by the Parent-Teachers Association of the Center Academy for January 15th. Dr. Nathan Adler will preside.

The Academy Annual Dinner will be held during the month of February.

**NOTICE OF UNVEILING**

Members of the Brooklyn Jewish Center are invited to attend the unveiling of the monument of our dearly beloved wife and mother, Sarah Ginsberg, this Sunday morning, December 23, promptly at 10:30 o'clock, on the Brooklyn Jewish Center subdivision of the Montefiore Cemetery.

*Moses Ginsberg and Children*

**UNVEILING**

Mrs. Philip Brenner invites her friends of the Brooklyn Jewish Center to attend the unveiling of the monument in memory of her beloved father, Max Isaac Frank, next Tuesday morning, December 25th, at 11:30 o'clock sharp. Plot of Congregation Kneses Israel of Brooklyn at Washington Cemetery (Section 4—Entrance, 20th Avenue and 54th Street.)

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